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 SQUARE.

Unimpeachable Testimony!

7th May, 1889.
 After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newspaper accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipts bills from the various papers and publishers, we certify that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE COPIES OF THE WORLD.
 W. A. CAMP,
 Manager of the New York Clearing House.
 O. D. BALDWIN,
 Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company.
 THOS. L. JAMES,
 Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

10,709,520 (345,468)
 The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the month of March last was
 345,468.
 Average daily circulation during May
 345,808 Copies!

WILKIE COLLINS'S New and Intensely Interesting Story.

ON SUNDAY NEXT THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF

"BLIND LOVE"

WILL APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN THE WORLD.

This Story has Not Been Equalled in a Decade of English Literature.
 Don't Fail to Begin with the Beginning.

SIMON CAMERON.

SIMON CAMERON, who died yesterday at his home in Pennsylvania, was a great man. Not great in the beneficent results to the country of anything wrought by him in an extended public career, but great because of his manly ability to attain, by the manipulation of men, ends he desired. No more crafty political leader than he has been produced by the United States. For many years his way in Pennsylvania was supreme.

In every county in his native State there were men of brains, energy and influence who deemed it high praise to be charged with weeding the CAMERON collar. To those who served him he was true as steel, and no question of expediency could induce him to turn a cold shoulder to a tried supporter. To his enemies he gave no quarter. His methods were almost brutally practical, and sentimentality had no abiding place in his composition.

His power to win friends among his natural political adversaries was remarkable. With him the end always justified the means. His enemies were bitter in their hatred, but instinctively admired his superb generalship. Many an ambitious politician has, after a futile effort to oppose the Cameronian edict, finding himself crushed and humiliated, crept in abject humility into the camp of the victorious clan to sue for peace and favor.

While not an exemplar of pure politics, SIMON CAMERON yet possessed many virtues which endeared him to his associates. He was benevolent, generous and genial. Of the relation of his career to his country it may be said it is not by such as he that a nation wins strength in morals and through its wise statescraft commands respect and admiration, but as a field marshal to rally political forces and deploy them skillfully so as to win victories he has had no superior and but few equals.

AN IDIOTIC PERFORMANCE.

The scheme of a lot of disgruntled fellows in Pittsburgh to vent their spleen upon Gov. BEAVER by glorifying the act of the Washington crank, ARMES, in pulling the Governor's nose because of a difference of opinion, is one of the most idiotic performances on record. These cunning Pittsburghers have quarrelled with Gov. BEAVER regarding the methods adopted to relieve the sufferers by the Conemaugh flood. To show their dislike for him, they have had a medal struck off bearing thereon words of approval of the nose-pulling act of Capt. ARMES, which is to be presented to that officer, now undergoing punishment for his offense.

The size of men who could stoop to such a cheap and nasty insult must be infinitesimal. Their very malignancy exalts the Governor. When Capt. ARMES returns their medal as unaccepted, as he will, the debasement of this crowd of drivellike idiots will be complete.

Evidence has been accumulating ever since the disastrous flood in Pennsylvania that,

while the furious elements swept to death thousands of worthy people, the fool-killer has neglected his business.

ANOTHER OCEAN MYSTERY.

Again the probable fate of a steamship furnishes an ocean mystery, and the meaning of the wreckage that has been cast upon the beach at Nantucket is anxiously discussed in maritime circles. Does it tell of the loss of a proud ship humbled by gales, shattered by an island of ice or destroyed in a collision? Has a gallant crew found death in the ocean depths?

The mysteries of the sea are so dense that they appal the heart. One stands at the wharves and sees the magnificent craft, stately, strong and thoroughly equipped, ride gayly off upon their long journeys, bidding defiance to wind and tide. But as the ship steams away and becomes but a dot upon the horizon its insignificance and its utter dependence upon the mercy of the mighty deep is all too apparent.

Bearing in mind the happy deliverance of the human cargo of the fated Daumark, let us hope that Nantucket's jetsam is not the precursor of the news of a tragedy upon the sea.

THE MECCA OF BATTERED REPUTATIONS.

And now comes the intelligence from Chicago that Mrs. CARTER, whom a jury has just pronounced not what a woman should be, contemplates going upon the stage. Why is it that the stage is considered the Mecca of people with battered reputations?

There appears no valid reason why Mrs. CARTER should take to the stage; indeed, on the contrary, there are several cogent reasons why she should court the shades of obscurity.

The best part of the theatre-going public prefer decency after all, and it should teach the theatrical managers that cheap notoriety is not the open sesame to stage success.

SHE'S NO LONGER MRS. LEWIS

THE DIVORCE COURT ENDS ANOTHER ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Referee Leonard Langbein handed in his decision to-day in the suit of Mrs. Bertha Lewis against her husband, Albert Lewis. It was in favor of the plaintiff, Mr. Langbein having satisfied himself of her grounds for complaint.

Mrs. Lewis was at one time Bertha Vanever and she wishes to become so again. Without being of a particularly grasping disposition, Mrs. Lewis, with a feeling common to many married ladies, harbored the idea that she should have a prescriptive right to her husband.

When Mrs. Lewis was Bertha Vanever she graced the mimic world which glitters behind the footlights. She played in the "Corsair," at the Bijou, about a year and a half ago.

It was then that the fickle Albert saw her and fell precipitately in love with her sweet face and the luxuriant golden tresses that encircled it. When she would prance around the stage in her glistening pink silk tights, Albert got more and more in love.

The sprightly little Corsair maiden reciprocated when she came to know Albert and fell under the influence of his mastery. For Albert was a man of no lying, and next to winning a heart loved to lose one. They were married in the cold and bleak January. Then they experienced a tremendous drought, coldness from the Lewis family, who looked so coldly on the loving pair that their teeth chattered.

The Lewis family took the stand that it was a marriage for their Albert. That was what they said. They said it was a marriage, and that the horrid thing had simply snared the deary boy by her tricky ways.

But Albert and Bertha loved each other, and they never lay awake nights weeping for a mother-in-law. They got along beautifully while they were in love.

But nature that loves easily and love in a torrid way don't have good staying powers in love as a rule. They burn out quickly. That was the way with Albert. Not three weeks of cooling had streamed through his honeymoon and he was already weary of his wife. Mrs. Lewis was not above loving a pretty little coquette in a hotel at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Lewis began to investigate and she found out a great deal, without being a Scotland Yard detective, either. She got on with the pretty bedmaker of the Orange hotel, but there was a widow, a horrid, nasty widow, whom he was loving, too, a "grass" widow, out of the delectable kind.

In the evening he had her wrath Mrs. Lewis rushed to the coolness of the divorce court and demanded a smattering of those material things which she felt she held so much tighter than they did Albert.

Leonard Langbein, esq., was appointed referee. Jose Ferguson and Widow Williams gave the whole thing up and how the decision is filed in favor of the plaintiff, hereafter her letters may be addressed to Miss Bertha Vanever.

WILL COL. SHEPARD GET IT?

The Russian Mission Awarded to Him by Many-Tongued Rumor.

The flying trip of Col. Elliot F. Shepard to Washington and his call on President Harrison yesterday, in company with other prominent New Yorkers, again gives Dame Rumor cause to couple the Colonel's name in connection with the Russian mission.

A reporter interviewed the Colonel on the subject. He smiled pleasantly and said he really didn't know anything about it.

From other sources, however, it was learned that the Colonel really expects to get the Russian mission, and that this was the reason for his visit.

His friends argue that inasmuch as the late Minister to Russia, Allen Thorndike Rice, was New York's, a Gothicism should be appointed to fill his place. It is probable that Col. Shepard would accept, and it seems likely that he will be tendered the appointment.

No one could be found at Col. Shepard's office this morning who could throw any light upon the subject. Col. Shepard will return to the city to-morrow.

DUFFY BLOCKS THE GAME.

The Little Judge Holds Out for His Share of That Police Court Pie.

Little Judge Duffy, the independent Tammanyite of the Police Court, is deliberately breaking the plates of his dependant Tammany associates.

He stands as the only barrier to the consumption of their delicacies which is to summarily boogie the County Democracy employees of the police courts and substitute in their place good judges taken from the Wigwag.

The Little Judge was recently removed from the leadership of the First District bucks and his place taken by Judge McGuire.

THE BABIES' FUND.

It Is Growing Somewhat Slowly, but Very Surely.

The Poor Babies Will Have Their Free Doctors in the Mid-summer Weeks.

Let Everybody Send Their Mite to the Fund and Help the Good Work.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....	\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....	1,017.79
H.....	2.00
Grat.....	1.00
Con.....	1.00
Fl.....	1.00
Con.....	1.00
William J. Bonner.....	.25
Collected by Mamie L. Clark.....	3.55
Uncle Edward.....	.50
Miss Raymond.....	.25
Con.....	.25
Cash.....	.25
C. H. G.....	.25
Mrs. P.....	.25
Mr. Woodruff.....	.25
Con.....	.25
Mr. Goodell.....	.25
Cash.....	.10
Grat.....	.10
Grat.....	.10
Hall.....	.10
Lewis.....	.10
Uncle John.....	.10
Mrs. C.....	.10
Baby.....	.65

A Good Collection by a Twelve-Year-Old. To the Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find \$3.55 that I have collected for the Sick Babies. I have some more money promised that I will send later. MAMIE L. CLARK, aged twelve.

In Memory of a Baby Boy. To the Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find \$3 for Free Physicians' Fund, in memory of a baby boy who died last Summer. H. New York City, Tuesday, June 25.

Given Up Smoking in the Good Cause. To the Editor of the Evening World: Please add inclosed \$2 to the Baby's Fund from two young men who have given up smoking for a while to benefit the lit l ones. INVETERATE SMOKERS (A. and T.)

Two Dollars from New Jersey. To the Editor of the Evening World: Having read about your Babies' Fund, I send \$2, and hope, although it is small, it will add to help the poor little ones in the tenement-houses. L. H.

A Dollar from Grat..... To the Editor of the Evening World: Babies Fund—\$1 inclosed is the mite of GRAT.....

A Little Girl's Contribution. To the Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find \$1 for Babies' Fund. LITTLE FLORENCE H.

From a Little Boy in the Country. To the Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find 25 cents in stamps, as I want the babies to be well this Summer. I live in the country, but I used to live in Brooklyn. I like the country best, as I can run around more. I am only a little boy seven years old. JOHN C. NORRERY, Portchester, N. Y.

MACONES SURVIVED 30 HOURS. The Broken Necked Boy's Death Ends that Remarkable Case at St. Vincent's.

Patrick Macones, the boy who was living with a broken neck at St. Vincent's Hospital yesterday, as told in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, is dead.

Every effort was made to prolong his life in view of the advances to medical science which such an existence would prove. But although Macones remained conscious up to the last, and spoke coherently to those around him, he expired at 7:30 last evening, thirty hours after the accident.

What makes his death case as a greater surprise is that, having survived for thirty hours after breaking his neck, he breathed easily and was able to take nourishment. He is considered to be a case of great interest to the medical world.

Overworked. (From Light.) "You look weary and thin, Cholly." "Yas, my dear boy; I overworked myself this mornin'."

"Overworked yourself, Cholly?" "Yas, my dear boy; I tied my own quaver this mornin'."

Inseparable.

(From Judge.) Mr. Youngblood—Lucille, the papers say the bustle must go.

Mrs. Youngblood—Yes, Octavius; but when the bustle goes the women will go with the bustle.

A Tax on Luxury.

(From Money's Weekly.)

She—What do you think of Henry George's single tax idea?

He—Perhaps he is right. Bachelors really ought to pay for the privilege of remaining single.

"Two-Fors."

(From Judge.)

"Did you get that box of cigars I sent you?" inquired his fiancée.

"Yes, dear."

"And how did you like them?"

"The box was very nice, indeed," he said, softly.

Two Reasons.

(From Park.)

Friend—What's this I hear, Russ about your moving to New York?

The Crown Prince—Well, the climate of Montana does not agree with my lungs; and—and—they've had an election out there.

A Pointer for Sports.

(From Judge.)

First Gamin—Say, I'll bet a nickel I've got more money in my pockets than you have.

Second Gamin—Go yer once.

After money is put up.

First Gamin—How much money have you got in my pocket?

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite revived. The kidneys and liver are cleansed and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

ANGRY UPTOWNERS.

More Complaints About the Huckleberry Railroad.

Long Waits and No Accommodations at the Depots.

The Company's Officers Seem to Have Left the City in a Body.

The managers of the "Huckleberry" surface line, which runs from Harlem Bridge to Fordham, are in a state of mind over the disclosures made by THE EVENING WORLD in regard to the negligent manner in which they operate their road.

The residents of the annexed district, on the other side, are becoming more and more indignant every day now that they have come to a realization of their rights, and they are going to make things very warm for the "Huckleberry" people if they don't brace up and do something to give them better accommodations.

The New road Company has done nothing as yet to improve the facilities of its line, and the cars above One Hundred and Seventieth street are running as usual at irregular intervals and with frequent delays, especially in the night time.

An effort was made yesterday to find some of the officials of the Company, but they were all out of town.

Even Supt. Carrigan was away and had left everything in charge of one of his subordinates.

President Spradley went away two days ago, and nobody knows when he is coming back. They all seem to have taken to the woods for the time being, and the general impression around Fordham, West Farms and Fordham is that they want to keep out of the way till the cyclone of public indignation which has been aroused against them shall have blown over.

Yesterday afternoon the wooden plank on its two uprights, propped up a slant the side of the building, and the only accommodation furnished to the patrons of the line while waiting for the Fordham car, was crowded with waiting passengers from out and about the city.

About a dozen others were standing around in the dusty road, or had made seats of their market baskets. They made a rush for every car that came along, but each one they were told that the Fordham car was coming somewhere along back, and they had to content with the answer.

They had all read THE EVENING WORLD, and the exposure of the "Huckleberry" methods was the chief topic of conversation.

"It's an outrage," said one indignant and persistent citizen, "that we should have to make accommodations. Right in the city of New York, too!"

Every car that came up to the stables brought a Tremont or Fordham contingent, and the line was a solid mass of people. The crowd was packed into it like sardines in a box, and the poor old horses had to strain every muscle to get through.

A man patronizes this line he can't calculate within an hour when he is going to get downtown, and when he is once there he can only know that it is going to take him to get home again.

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The tracks of the line are laid upon parallel sleepers, and the road is a solid mass of people. The crowd was packed into it like sardines in a box, and the poor old horses had to strain every muscle to get through.

"There is some talk," said one of the passengers, "that the line is to be ordered to run on a cable road up this way, but I don't believe there is anything in it. The 'Huckleberry' Company has got its grip on the city, and so long as it thrives and widens the road, it will not let it go."

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ANGLERS' YARNS.

Tales of Startling Adventures with the Finny Tribe.

Some Are "Too Strange Not to Be True."

Piscatorial Hunters Striving for the Gold Double Eagle.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNEY.

THE EVENING WORLD has opened a Fish Story Contest on a novel, timely and interesting feature. The usual prize, a gold double eagle, will be given for the best fish story submitted. Fish-Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford, one of the leading fishermen in the country, will act as judge.

The piscatorial yarns may be as short as the authors desire, but should not exceed 500 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Fish Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Isaac Walton.

Headed by a Pike of Clubs.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Last Saturday a friend of mine went on a fishing expedition from New Rochelle. While waiting for his train at the Grand Central Depot he noticed a pack of cards on the track, and as his eye caught the five of clubs he picked it up and put it in his pocket. At 2 o'clock, accompanied by another disciple of the lamented Isaac Walton, they launched their bark on the rippling bosom of the Sound, breathing destruction to its finny denizens. At 3 o'clock my friend had landed five speckled beauties, his companion eleven. At 4 he counted the original five, his companion seven. At 5 o'clock he still had five, while the other tantalized him by pulling in his twenty-seventh prize.

In disgust he threw down his rod, and told the boys to pull for home. On reaching the shore he was awakened to the dual fact that in his basket were five fishes, in his inside pocket the cabalistic five of clubs. J. III.

There's Proof for This Yarn.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I started out for a load of oysters in a sailboat one day and sailed down the little river about three miles, which brought me into Tackerton Bay. I saw a queer mass of something in the water ahead, and was puzzled at first to tell what it was. I had not long to wait, for at once my boat was stuck as if on the mud. It was not mud, but a great school of fish, and the only thing I had to do was to pull the boat out of the river.

When once clear I sailed up to the landing and unloaded, and went back to get another load, and at the same time I told the people on the bank that I was a fisherman. I was around the creek was taken down to the bay and loaded with fish, and the best thing we found to catch the fish was a scoop-net.